

LOUISVILLE DAILY DEMOCRAT.

VOLUME XXI.

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY: SUNDAY MORNING, JANUARY 29, 1865.

NUMBER 191.

Daily Democrat

TERMS OF THE DAILY DEMOCRAT
TO THE COUNTRY.

ONE YEAR.....\$10.00
SIX MONTHS.....\$6.00
ONE MONTH.....\$1.00

Notice to Mail Subscribers.

Subscribers are requested to notice of the date their subscription will expire ten days in advance of the time, and again with a second notice on the day the last copy paid for is sent. This will enable all persons to keep the run of their accounts, and to renew in time not to miss an issue of the paper.

Typographical Blunders.

The death of Edward Everett has recalled the name of his brother Alexander, who was equal to Edward in eloquence and literary attainments. We would be apt to esteem his general capacity still higher, as he was a consistent Democrat, while his brother was rather Whig, although not entirely consistent in that.

It is an old source to recall such a humorous fact from, but an exchange has from the association brought up an error of the press, made in an article Alexander Everett contributed to the Boston Advertiser. It modestly concluded: "I have thrown together these few hasty remarks." Judge of his consternation and the astonished laughter of the public when, by the substitution of an "n," it read, "I have thrown together these few nasty remarks." Rather hard on a writer who prided himself on his purity and refinement.

This may recall to some of our readers a comic piece of verse, full of typographical errors, which appeared some years ago. The author congratulates himself, before reading it, on his appearing as a poet, and on the delight with which the lady to whom the verse are addressed will receive the effort of his maiden muse.

Unfortunately, on reading, he finds that her lovely cheeks, which he particularly asserts to have

"The color of the rose,"

is made by the type to read

"The color of the nose."

In another place the poet undertakes to advise his fair one to seek him on a "hill," but the printer unfortunately spells the hill with an "e."

An amusing and involuntary mistake occurred in our evening paper soon after it was started. The poet intended to speak in praise of the charms of "evening dews," but the discerning composer saw the true meaning, and so it was printed "the Evening News." Of course we would not spoil the poem by restoring the author's real meaning. This was pardonable, but no one will wonder at the indignation of the young lady who had spoken of the "dew-drops on freshly-blown roses," when,

"The nasty things printed it freshly-blown nose."

These mistakes have occurred sometimes inadvertently, and at others intentionally, even in the scripture. In one of the older editions of the Bible the passage beginning, "A certain man planted him a vineyard," was by a mistake of the printer published a certain man planted him a vinegar. The incorrect printer was punished, and the edition, as far as possible, suppressed. Some, however, were preserved, and it is esteemed a great prize by "book-hunters." It is known as the "Vinegar Bible."

Another story is told of a certain shrewish wife to a printer who objected to Peter's exhortation of obedience on the part of wives. She, therefore, changed the sixth verse, chapter two, of his epistles, rendering that it was the duty of wives to obey their husbands. "Even as Sarah obeyed Abraham, calling him Lord," to calling him "slave." Similar blunders are found in the classics, and an exchange has revived some of them.

In a shovily got up book entitled "The Homes of American Statesmen" (Hartford, Conn., 1854), in the life of Fisher Ames, the writer, to illustrate Ames' manner as an orator, quoted the noble lines from Pope's Iliad, descriptive of the art of the Greek speaker:

But when Ulysses rose, in profound profound, His modest eye he fixed upon the ground.

Like one un-killed or dead he seemed to stand,

Muscles relaxed, and lost his self-command.

The printer, who had his own ideas, perhaps, of Ames' manner or Ulysses' appearance, printed it:

"Like one unskilled or drunk he seemed to stand—

In the same work we find Jay described as "five feet high," which certainly is what mathematicians call a *reductio ad absurdum*.

In Geo. Hogarth's Musical Biography and Criticism (Redfield, N. Y.), says the same exchange, speaking of Haydn's deep religious feeling while composing the *Creation*, the author undertook to say, "Such too, was the frame of mind in which Handel applied himself to his immortal labors."

The printer had it: "Such, too, was the frame of mind in which Handel applied himself to his *immortal labors*."

He added: "Even as the Messiah!" "Immortal labors!" But one of the richest appeared in a critical article of President Felton upon the great actress Rachel. Speaking of some scene in which the height of contending passions was aroused, he tried to say: "Suddenly, like a *tum* in the storm, Rachel appeared!" But it was not so to be; and the world wondered as they read that, "Suddenly, Rachel entered, like a *tum* in the storm."

A lecture of J. R. Lowell was reported in the Boston Traveler. It was intended to say: "Spenser wore his style; he did the ruff of the Elizabethan era—an awkward thing gracefully carried." The Boston Traveler reported thus: "Spenser wore his style as he did the *rug* of the Elizabethan era—an awkward thing," &c. Awkward enough, we should say, unless the bard was a Feejee Island chief. Very often the printer has thrown upon him the blunders of the writer. Careless composition sometimes makes such errors as are instanced in Butler's Grammar, and others. One of these we have often laughed over, viz:

"The following lines were written by a young man who has long lain in the grave for his own amusement—a queer method of enjoyment certainly."

A too common error is in using "was" for were after the pronoun "you"—an error that would be inexcusable but for the conundrum it produces:

"Why is a coat like childhood? Because

one is what you was, and the other what you wear."

Similar in kind are errors in pronunciation, or the division of syllables. We were once astonished at hearing a lady sing:

"The wind it blew cold blue."

What particular kind of wind it was that blew that color puzzled us, until we finally caught the second line—

"Bitter across the wild moor."

i. e., blew bitter, &c.

All will remember the anecdote of the choir leader who, making several attempts, sang—

"I love to steal,
I love to steal,"

until finally the clergyman remarked that, in consideration of the propensity of the congregation, they had better pray.

This, however, does not equal what is told of another congregation. All the male voices were heard in grand chorus singing—

"Send down Sal,
Send down Sal,
Oh, send down Salvation from the skies."

It became irresistible, however, when the ladies took up the hymn and sang—

"Oh, for a man,
Oh, for a man,
Oh, for a manion in the skies."

This may be apocryphal, but every one has listened to those oddly divided by singers, that arouse an irresistible feeling of laughter. We once heard a lady attempt a very pathetic ballad, describing the delicious scenery and sunniness of the Southern climate. An intense longing for it was expressed, but for a long while all we could catch as adding to its desirableness was—

"Where the man,
Where the man," &c.

until finally we did gather, from the jumbling of the piano, the concluding syllable and words—"go apples grow," and we perceived it was not a longing for the masculines of the tropics the lady wished to express, but a decided love for Mango apples.

We have classed these with typographical errors rather from the resemblance in the feeling they produce than from much similarity in cause. It is the inappropriateness of the blunder that strikes in both and which arouses the feeling—just as we laugh over the distich oft quoted—

"A pox upon Prince Vortigen he had on,
Which from a naked Pict his grandson won."

To conclude, we give entire the poem to which we have referred in the beginning of the article. If the poet had not just cause of complaint no mortal man ever did. But we pity the man or woman who can read it without laughter. It is headed

A POEM SPOILED.

ABC here it is! I'm famous now,
An author and a poet, too!

How proud I'll be to show it!
I'll be a poet, and a sage!

And here's my title—
"The Poet of the Green."

What a grand new name it is!

And here's my motto—
"Truth, beauty, and good."

And here's my emblem—
"A lion rampant."

They look so—"what?"—

"Was 'sweet' and 'kind,'"
"A 'tum' and 'a 'tum'?"

Was ever such provoking work?

"Tis curious, by-the-by,
How much I have blundered blind
By giving it an eye."

"Hast thou no tears?"—the "T" is lost out,

"Hast thou no ears?" instead.

I hope that thou art deaf," I put

What a poor sight art thou!

Many blunders bedimmed?

Those gentle eyes blundered,

Those gentle eyes blundered."

"The color of the rose," is "rose,"

"The color of the nose," is "nose."

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[For the Louisville Sunday Democrat.]

EDWARD EVERETT.

BY THERON.

"Gone from the earth forever?" No; his name Shall still live on, and kindle high the flame Which Genius first ignited with her wand, And lighted with his mind this glorious land; Till every valley, dale, and towering hill Resounded with his magic voice and will; And Heaven grew envious when at first she knew Those wondrous mortals dwelt in earth below.

"I love to steal,
I love to steal,"

until finally the clergyman remarked that, in consideration of the propensity of the congregation, they had better pray.

"The wind it blew cold blue."

What particular kind of wind it was that blew that color puzzled us, until we finally caught the second line—

"Bitter across the wild moor."

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HARNEY, HUGHES & CO.

OFFICE—

South Side Green Street, two doors below the Customhouse.

SUNDAY, JAN. 29, 1865.

CITY NEWS.

REFUGES' FAIR—While a great deal of good has been done to alleviate the wants of the suffering poor of this city by our generous-hearted citizens, there is yet more to be done, and we are glad to notice the fact that steps are being taken by quite a number of ladies, assisted by a number of our citizens, to raise means by giving a Fair in the Masonic Temple during the coming week. While the winter is not yet over, there are at present in our midst a large number of poor, who have never been able to receive any assistance in the least; and while large numbers have been attended to by benevolent associations and private contributions, there is a class among us who need assistance and should be attended to. We refer to the poor refugees who have been forced to come among us—strangers in a strange land. It is not their fault that they are poor refugees. No! nor has their desolation their country—want and starvation has driven them and their little ones from their once comfortable and happy homes; their friends, relatives and protectors have been taken away from them and put into one of the two arms or died upon some blood stained battle-field. They are homeless and helpless. Let those of us who perhaps may have been more fortunate to escape the evils of war, consider the unhappy and unfortunate condition of the poor wandering refugees. The Fair commences to-morrow night; and let all who would contribute a mite towards giving aid or comfort to a poor widow, a helpless orphan, or an aged wanderer from home, go to the Fair, and besides enjoying yourselves be liberal and generous in the cause for which it is gotten up.

POLICE PROCEEDINGS—Saturday Jan. 28.—James Quinn, drunk and disorderly; fined \$3.

Mary Cochran, drunk and disorderly; discharged.

Calvin King, drunk and disorderly; fined \$5.

Albert O'Brien, cutting John Hogan and Andy Craig, with intent to kill; felony charge dismissed and held to answer for a misdeed.

John Zoll, stabbing John Fisher, with intent to kill; bail in \$400 to answer.

Sydney Edwards, f. m. c., larceny; continued under Monday.

Ranah McMurry, slave, stealing \$500, &c., from F. McClellan; continued until Monday.

A number of peace, assault and ordinance warrants were disposed of.

HORSE VOUCHERS—The following persons can get their horse vouchers by applying at the Provost Marshal's office, they having proved their loyalty and fulfilled the requirements of the order regulating the matter: Johnson Baker, C. Arterburn, Walter N. Brown, Joseph Barber, Christopher Klinger, King & Owen, L. R. Figg, George H. Holman, Valentine Gransenbach, J. M. Murphy, Mrs. E. E. Newman, John Lumpkin, J. C. Mathews, R. H. Rousseau, Adam Sweeny, George Vaughn, Fred Scholl, John F. Connelly, Frank Elbert, George F. Comack, Miller Kessler, G. Kitzes, George Hefflin, J. W. Hill, B. F. Grant, James Macine, Michael McNiff, Wm. Plague, Isaac Lang, John Rotermund, A. W. Thomas, W. V. swing, J. J. Talbot and Wm. W. Weizel.

The article in the Democrat, of Friday, about the dissatisfaction of teachers, had no reference to the petition of the lady teachers to the City Council for an increase of salary. On the contrary, their salaries ought to be increased. For these times they are unreasonably low. Nor do we suggest that any lay teacher can resign, if she is not sufficiently paid. These ladies are generally excellent teachers, and their application to the Council was very proper. We only hope their application will be responded to favorably by the Council and the Trustees. We are for supporting the whole school system, "whatever the object may cost."

At a meeting of the Board of Managers of Old Fellow's Hall Association, held at their hall on Saturday, January 25th, 1865, a dividend of 14 1/2 per cent. was declared, and the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Wm. Kaye, President; A. Hammer, Vice President; Wm. White, Secretary; A. B. Dear, Treasurer; Geo. Boston, John C. Naust, Wm. Krippenstapfel, Executive Committee; E. M. Stone, J. B. Hiltz, L. Echtemeyer, Committee on Ways and Means; Alvin Wood, Geo. Bradson, Wm. Kaye, Committee on Finance.

THE RIVER—The river was so full of running ice yesterday that no boats were able to run, and even the ferry boat was tied to the wharf on this side. The river is swelling, which has kept the ice from gorging at this point. There is nothing doing that would prove of the least interest to steamboat men, and we therefore omit our usual report.

ON PAINTINGS—There are present in the small hall of the Masonic Temple on exhibition one of the finest collections of beautiful and valuable oil paintings we have ever seen. They have recently been imported from Europe by Mr. L. A. Tolman. We learn that the whole collection will be sold at auction soon. The exhibition is free to spectators.

NUMBERED HOUSES—We heartily concur with our neighbor, the Journal, in urging upon the city fathers to have the houses numbered. The want of this is a serious inconvenience to all classes of citizens. Let us have the remedy, gentlemen of the Council.

FREE LECTURE—Rev. Dr. Covill lectures every night for one week at the Baptist Church, Portland. All are invited to come and hear the talented Doctor, as he will give something that will interest every one. Don't fail to attend.

DR. MAG. ELEY, who sold whisky to soldiers on the levee, had his side cut upon by the military authorities, and was arrested, but was afterwards released yesterday, on giving \$1,000 bonds to "go and see no more."

We are promised a series of letters on the subject of petroleum, oil lands, and such items as pertain to this great and growing interest, the first one of which appears in our columns this morning.

AT A SPECIAL ORNITHOLOGY to be held at St. John's Episcopal Church this morning at 10 o'clock, Bishop Smith will receive into the sacred order of Deacons Mr. E. R. Bishop and Mr. Frank Moore.

A PATENT safe key was found in the lobby of the postoffice—F. C. Coffia, Newark, N. J., patent. The owner can have it by paying for this notice and describing the key.

COL. LIVINGSTON was sent to Camp Nelson yesterday, to enter upon the discharge of his duties, as required by the Military Court which sent him there.

THE REV. MR. WEAVER will preach at the Jefferson-sirene Baptist Church, on Market, below Eighth, at 11 o'clock this evening.

PREACHING to-day at the First Presbyterian Church by the Rev. S. R. Wilson, D. D.

All the matines were crowded yesterday afternoon.

THE WEATHER.—Ugh! We like winter, but taking it mild. Yesterday was a "regular sinner." The sun shone awhile for spite; it was so far off that before its beams could strike the earth they were so hard that they could be broken to pieces. The thermometers were on a "burst." The ice was heavy in the river, but on a stand. The wheels of vehicles were making curious music as they rolled through the streets, while every breath a mule took added an inch to an icicle hanging from each nostril. Every person, like their noses, was on the run—a great many were "blowing" through the streets, their mouths looking like the escape pipe of a steam engine. Young men's mustaches stuck out from under their cherry blossoms like porcupine quills whitewashed; their ears looking like the "serene and yellow leaf." Men's whiskers looked like a frosted forest after a hurricane, while their elbows stuck out from their pockets like the handles of a jug. Folks were rushing up and down the streets, regardless of collisions, with their hats mashed down over their eyes and their bodies bent up in all manner shape—jeans would steal from their eyes and freeze upon their cheeks until they would form themselves into a horn and break off. Whisky was drunk in chunks and thawed afterwards. Milkmen sold their milk by the "chank," and had to build fires under their cows to get it at all. If any of our subscribers didn't get their papers it wasn't the boys' fault. It was a bad day for killing, or putting a man's tongue on a pump handle. Those who went to the pumps for water remained some time on account of being unable to get the handle. Tumblers were obliged to give their horses hot water for fear that their mouths would freeze in the bucket led. We did not see many ladies out—not could they see many gentlemen out, for all the windows had been coated with the frozen breath of winter. It was so cold that a gentleman couldn't bow to a lady without breaking his arm or neck. If we think to-day will be as cold as yesterday, we will inhabit an icebox during the day. It will help the matter some. Ugh!

WE TAKE A DRAW.—Gift Enterprise—big thing on East—superb—had one in this spring—Tripp & Cragg's store—concluded to try our luck—old try—found a dollar—drunk for Fourth street—old—it—sound store—big evening drawing—crowd of ladies in the jewelry business—good-looking—some lucky—ugly ones couldn't kow—knew—draw a pump handle—those who went to the pumps for water remained some time on account of being unable to get the handle. Tumblers were obliged to give their horses hot water for fear that their mouths would freeze in the bucket led. We did not see many ladies out—not could they see many gentlemen out, for all the windows had been coated with the frozen breath of winter. It was so cold that a gentleman couldn't bow to a lady without breaking his arm or neck. If we think to-day will be as cold as yesterday, we will inhabit an icebox during the day. It will help the matter some. Ugh!

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Daily Democrat.

(For the Louisville Sunday Democrat)
THE BETROTHED.

BY MRS. ENDERHIAH J. DURCH, OF HARDINSBURG, KAN.

WILL YOU LEAVE US HERE TO PERISH?

The following lines were composed by a Union prisoner at Florence, S. C., who has since died:

When our country called for me,
We o'er the land and sea didst call;
From workshop, farm, and factory,
The Union ranks to fill.
We're true to you, my homes
And friends we loved so well,
To vanquish all the Union foes,
Our fall was nigh.
Now in a prison drear we languish,
And it is our constant cry,
Oh, ye who yet can save us,
With your aid we'll perish here to die!

The voice of slumber tells you,
That our hearts were weak with fear—
That all, or nearly all, of us
Were cast down upon the boulders,
But still we stand upon our bodies,
From muscle and bone,
The while the world shattered arms,
A tremor will tell.

We have tried to do our duty
In the cause of right and justice,
In the cause of man and man,
Oh, ye who yet can save us,
With your aid we'll perish here to die!

There are hearts with home still resting
Within our pleasant Northern houses,
With friends and kindred near at hand—
That may never come,
In Southern prisons plaining,
Men's rights, their pain, their shame,
Great and weakly, daily weaken,
From pinching cold and want.

There are hearts which, though unshamed,
Do yet confess their captives are!
Oh, ye who yet can save us,
With your aid we'll perish here to die!

Just without our gates gath'ring
These ten thousand Union men,
Beneath the Southern sand,
As day succeeds to day,
And thus it ever will be,
Till the last trump shall call.

And the last can say, when dying,
With upturned and glazing eye,
Both truth and love are dead at home—
They have left me here to die!

MILTON'S LAST POEM.

The following beautiful poem is from the first edition of Milton's Works, and as the work is rare and the lines comparatively unknown, we reproduce them.—Religious Telegraph.]

I am old and blind—
Men point at me as smitten by God's frown—
Afflicted yet not cast down.

I am weak, yet strong—
I murmur not that I longer see—
Poor, old and helpless, I the more belong,

Fallen, yet still I stand to Thee.

O, merciful One!—
When men are farthest then Thou art most near—
When men pass by, my weakness shuns,

Thy chariot I hear.

The glorious face—
I recognize Thy purple cloud—
My vision fails me dimmed that I may see
Thyself—Thyself alone.

I have sought to fear—
This darkness is the shadow of Thy wing—
Beneath it I am almost safe—
Heaven is all that I see.

Oh! I seem to stand—
Beneath the foot of mortal ne'er hath

Trembling where the foot of man never stood;

And there no more night.

On my bended knee—
I recognize Thy purple cloud—
My vision fails me dimmed that I may see
Thyself—Thyself alone.

I have sought to fear—
This darkness is the shadow of Thy wing—
Beneath it I am almost safe—
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Oh! I seem to stand—
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Trembling where the foot of man never stood;

And there no more night.

It is nothing now—
When He comes from my sightless eyes—
When His hands refresh my brow,

That earth in darkness lies.

In peace I lie—
My being fills with rapture—waves of thought
Roll in upon my being—like a rushing stream—
Unseen, but unceasing.

Give me now thy gift divine;
I feel the stirrings of thy gift divine;
Within my bosom glow uneasiness fire,
Lit by no skill of mine.

Translated for the Philadelphia Ago. 1
THE MAIDEN'S LAMENT.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

The clouds are flying—
The oak woods roar;

The maiden is gone—
On the green shore.

The bellowing of the bull in night, with might,
And she sighs out in the gloom of the night;

Her eyes all worn, with her weeping:

"The world is empty,
My heart is dead,
All is lost."

"Pro! a earth has died!"

Then Holy One! how poor thy child recall!

Of the poor, the poor, the child of all—

"Of the life and the love in its keeping."

"The tears of thy sorrow

Are flowing in vain;

Thy lament will awaken

Name, what thy bosom will comfort and heal,

When the pleasures are vanished sweet love doth

revert; And thy Father in Heaven will grant it."

J. B. D.

A RECEIPT FOR BUCKWHEAT CAKES.

Dear Jane, mix 1/2 lb. cakes,
and one part of meal, it takes
Pour the water in the pot.

Be careful that 'tis not too hot,

But the water must be cold to the hand;

Thickly beat it, let it stand;

Turn quickly—clap—clap—

What a light delicious batter!

Now add the rest of the comestible;

And let it stand till it is set;

Then lay it on a thin board;

And let it stand till it is hard;

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